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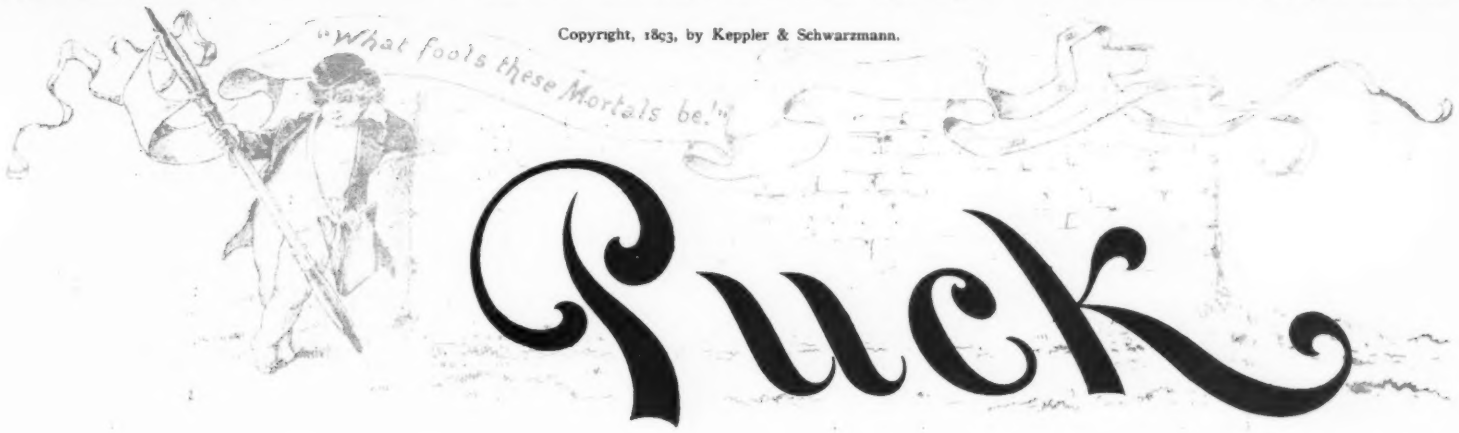

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TWENTY YEARS IN A BAR-ROOM.

"FATHER, DEAR FATHER, COME HOME WITH ME NOW!"

PUCK,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of Puck is $5.00 per year.
$2.50 for six months. $1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.
Keppler & Schwarzmann,
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Editor - - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, November 29th, 1893.— No. 873.

SPECIAL NOTICE.— The most of the articles and illustrations in PUCK *are copyrighted in Great Britain. All persons are cautioned against using any of them without permission.*

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

CONCERNING REPUBLICAN POPPYCOCK.

"MR. JOHN SMITH, a prominent farmer living southeast of Washington, D. C., heard a commotion in his hen-house last night. Hastily arming himself with a shotgun, he sallied forth just in time to capture two masked men who were about to decamp with some of his choicest poultry. Upon removing the masks from the faces of his prisoners, he was astounded to find that they were two of the best known men in the country, — Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, and Walter Q. Gresham, his Secretary of State. Cleveland and Gresham are believed to be the perpetrators of a series of chicken-robberies that have occurred in the same neighborhood lately, notably one in which an elderly widow was most brutally murdered while trying to defend her property."

It is to be presumed that no editor valuing his reputation for sanity would publish a dispatch similar to the above, without taking extraordinary care to establish its truth. It is further presumable that a sane man, reading such a dispatch, would hesitate to believe it until some convincing evidence of its truth could be had. Most rational people concede that Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Gresham are men of at least ordinary intelligence and good character, and that each has a fair amount of honest patriotism. In the face of this it is startling to reflect that, since the publication of Secretary Gresham's report to President Cleveland on the Hawaiian matter, both men have been handled by an important portion of the press of the country as if they were two criminals who, after a long series of atrocities, were now in hiding along the Potomac river, and were being looked for by bands of armed men. The intelligence of these publishers is no more gravely impeached by the publication of such stuff than it would be if they were to publish the above imaginary dispatch. It is no harder to associate the two officials with that suppositious crime, than with the course of infamy which has been imputed to them by reputable editors. The Republican editor gravely affects to believe that Messrs. Cleveland and Gresham are the bitterest enemies the country has; that they have conspired to betray it; and that they would succeed in their foul plot but for his vigilance, as shown in his ringing editorials. If you have been reading and heeding this sort of editorial, just stop right now and have a good think over such of the facts in the Hawaiian affair as are really clear, namely: the characters and positions of the two men, Cleveland and Gresham, and the sort of abuse that has been heaped upon them; and then, if it does n't seem poppycock to you, we are sorry for those who love you, because you are in a bad way, mentally. The chief count in the indictment against the administration is that its course has been "un-American" and "unpatriotic." No words have been wasted in discussing the right and wrong of the matter. The Republican editorial is wholly devoted to upholding something which it calls "the American policy." This policy seems to regard highway robbery as an admirable form of acquisition. If the Republican editor saw the "American policy" correctly, to call a man "American" would be a highly popular form of fighting insult. The Hawaiian question has been a sad muddle from the start, and it has grown more mixed day by day. Nothing proves this better than the interest which Claus Spreckels has been said to take in the movement at various times. In the early days it was contended by those averse to enlarging our territory, that annexation was simply a money-making scheme of the wicked Spreckels. Now, however, the Republican editor tells us that Claus Spreckels is howling in devilish glee to think that annexation is about to fall through and that he has made the administration his tool. Mr. Spreckels is a vile creature who wishes to make money, however you look at it, but the logic of his attitude toward annexation, as it has been variously seen, is confusing. We repeat that the Hawaiian matter is a sad muddle. Even Mr. Cleveland, who is in a position better to know its complications than any of us, has hardly more than indicated his policy. But we believe the American people are sure of three things: first, that the present administration would not act from any but patriotic motives; second, that there is no American policy which has not justice for its basis; and, third, that any action taken with regard to Hawaii will fit into international morality as well as international law.

CONCERNING FAUNTLEROY POLITICS.

It is a funny picture on the front page of PUCK this week. But, after the joke has been laughed at, there remains a point in that simple cartoon that is worthy of serious consideration. It is an actual fact, and a very significant fact, that nearly every reform movement or anti-Tammany crusade of late years has started out in a Fauntleroy suit: that is to say, those movements have been initiated by men who bear the same relation to their fellow-men that Fauntleroy boys bear to real boys. We do not wish to be wantonly disrespectful to the well-known and very worthy gentlemen and scholars whose names have been linked with the name of Oliver Sumner Teall in the great work of "downing" Tammany. As scholars and as gentlemen, we have the greatest respect for them. They are men of refinement, of culture, of probity, and of the highest moral purpose. But they are not men among men. They are not in the least of the people. They live in their own little world, in their own little atmosphere; and a delightful, charming, agreeable and enervating world it is. It is when they come out of this world and attempt to lead the great mass of the people who work and vote, that their inexperience and their idealistic innocence make them futile and absurd. They fall into the hands of the charlatan and the adventurer; they mistake the unwonted bustle they are making among themselves for the murmur of the voice of the people; and all that they really succeed in doing is the rendering ridiculous of a good and worthy cause that might be made successful under the leadership of men a great deal plainer and a great deal more practical. Culture is a very admirable thing; but common-sense is considerably more useful in politics.

CHRISTMAS PUCK

Will be on sale Monday, **December fourth.** Better not wait later than Tuesday to buy yours; because **hot-cakes** go at a **snail's pace** compared with the move **Christmas Puck** annually gets on itself. It will be the finest specimen of **color-printing** ever produced in this country, and, altogether, the most **beautiful** and elaborate **Christmas number** ever produced in **any** country.

BORE TRACES OF HIS GUILT.

"Harold Honesteele," said the beautiful girl in scornful tones, 't is useless for you to try to deceive me. You have been shaving yourself; your face betrays you!"

A STANDING JOKE.

People who ride to Harlem
And stand through every station,
In speaking of the "L" road
Pronounce it with an "H" on.

THIS SERIES WILL BEGIN IN PUCK NO. 875, ISSUE OF DECEMBER 13th.

NO DESIGNS ON THE DOLLAR.

MACREADY HAM *(the dashing young romantic actor).* — The "Barnardo, the Baron" Company busted three weeks ago in Keokuk. Here it 's November 30th, me three hundred miles from New York, and one lone dollar in my pocket! What have I to be thankful for?

FRAYED KEEGAN *(his chance companion).* — Dat yer sleeps ter night wid me, and not wid Gov'ner Flower!

TOO MANY IN IT.

GUIDE *(as the birds start up)*. — Shoot! shoot!

AMATEUR SPORTSMAN *(nervously)*. — Why—er—aw—there 's so many birds they confuse me, and I don't know which one to shoot at.

HER INGENUITY.

He was indistinctly conscious that the chrysanthemum on his coat matched her glorious tresses.

Yes, she would be his. He was not dreaming.

"Alfred," she whispered, timidly, as he rose to go; "won't you leave me a token upon which I may look and remember our vows?"

With lowered glance she waited.

"Dearest," he rejoined, bending his head until his lips touched her brow; "on the morrow I will place upon thy finger a ring."

She smiled in sweet resignation.

"Very well," she said, bravely; "I suppose a string will answer until then."

ANCIENT HISTORY.

STRANGER. — Your city is full of gambling dens. The papers said that your new mayor and the police had raided every one of them and closed them all up.

CITIZEN. — Y-e-s; but that was over a week ago.

TOO MUCH ENTHUSIASM.

STRUGGLING PASTOR. — I never saw such enthusiasm as there is about our next church entertainment to raise money for my salary. When I called for persons to sell tickets the whole congregation arose and came forward.

WIFE. — Yes; at the last entertainment those who sold tickets were let in free.

HER COMPLEXION.

Old Sol, relentless, tanned her hide
Down by the sea; and now some plan
She vainly labors to provide
By means of which to hide her tan.

R. F. Wilson.

THE STAR BOARDER AGAIN.

STAR BOARDER. — Here is another fly that has met a watery grave.

LANDLADY. — Where is it?

STAR BOARDER. — In this pitcher of milk.

A LIMIT.

CHARLEY HARDUP. — What will you have first?

ADA. — Oh, please order for me. I eat everything.

CHARLEY HARDUP. — Not when you 're out with me, my dear!

A POSSIBILITY.

BINKS. — Yes, sir; I have a phonograph, and among my collection is a song by Patti. Think what a priceless thing that will be to the coming generations when the great Patti's voice is stilled forever!

JINKS. — But, my dear sir, from present indications Patti will outlive the phonograph.

A FORTUNATE YOUTH.

LITTLE LEVI COHEN *(noticing that his father has just made a sale, and thinking it an opportune time to strike him for a contribution)*. — Fadder, Fadder! Vat haf I to be dankful for dis day?

COHEN *(looking after departing customer)*. — Vy, my leetle sohn, you gan pe dankful dot you vos not der man vot chust pought dot suit of glothes.

AT THE PLAY — AND AFTER.

I.

THE POPULAR actress, Rosalind Reese,
Was filling the part of the faithful wife
In a highly affecting domestic piece, —
And never you 've seen in all your life
A woman more fervently virtuous than
The lady that Rosalind Reese portrayed.
In the sorrowful episodes many a man
And several women their tears displayed.

A senator sat in the foremost row,
Who was known far and wide as a leader of men.
He was visibly touched at the heroine's woe,
And he nodded approvingly, now and then,
Till, noting his presence, the auditors all
Observed, as they looked where the great man sat:
"It 's no more than proper, success should fall
To a man who is noble and wise like that."

And a minister, sitting in seat B 2,
Remarked to his wife, who was in B 3:
"What good the unfortunate stage might do
If all of its servants were such as she!"

And a young wedded couple were much impressed
At the heart-rending doings of act the third.
Said the husband: "There 's nothing I so detest
As neglecting a wife;" and his bride averred
That wifely devotion was sweet to see,
And womanly patience and feminine tact.
"You are right, my beloved," responded he;
And the curtain arose on the final act.

And a vigorous chap, in a gallery seat,
Applauded with zeal at the well-known line:
"The infamous scoundrel who ever would beat
A woman, shall not put his hand in mine!"

II.

And the man of state, with judicial eyes,
Whose sense and virtue had won him fame,
Sat up till dawn, with an aspect wise,
Engrossed in a high-limit poker game.

And the Benedict went to his club, got tight;
His bride, in a rage, alone retired.
And the minister fumed for half the night,
Because of a bonnet his wife desired.

And at morn in the justice-shop hard by
Stood the gallery man in the public gaze.
A woman was there with a blackened eye,
And the judge remarked to the man: "Ten days!"

And the actress supped on wine and a bird
With a swell young rake, when the play was through;
While her husband was playing in "Richard the Third,"
To an empty house, out in Kalamazoo.

R. N. Stephens.

FEMININE.

JOHNNY.—Why are you always so happy after doing your turn on the stage?

TOTTIE KICKLES.—Because I feel sure I have made every married woman in the audience jealous.

FAME IS a bubble; but it can't be secured by blowing on one's own pipe.

A SURE SIGN.

TRAMPING JIM.—Say, Mike, there 's a house fer us. We kin git anything we wants. Ther ain't a man within a mile of it.

MELLOW MIKE.—How d' ye know ther ain't no men around?

TRAMPING JIM.—'Cause th' women is housecleaning.

HOW SHE HELPED HIM.

He had been for some time trying to get his courage up to the proposing point, but had not yet succeeded. During his call one evening, the conversation turned upon Fraternal Insurance Companies, in which he was interested.

"Tell me," said she, "can any one become a member?"

"Any one who is acceptable," answered he; and then, a sudden thought occurring to him, he added, "You see, it is like other things; you must be accepted first, and then —"

"But, no," she shyly interrupted; "is n't it different in that if you are *accepted* you become a brother?"

The cards are now out.

THE OBTUSE EDITOR.

EDITOR.—Your anecdote of Lincoln is unavailable.

EX-POLITICIAN.—Why is that?

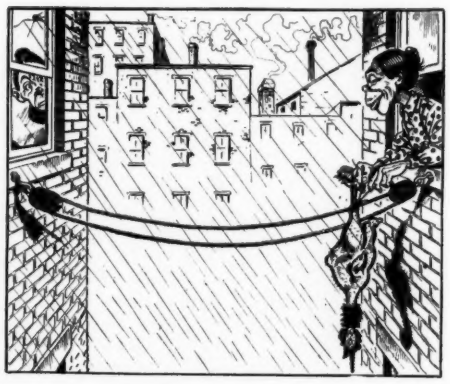
EDITOR.—Why, it 's only a story you told him!

EX-POLITICIAN.—But it 's very funny; and don't I say he did n't laugh?

THE WORLD has seven wonders; but an inquisitive school-boy can beat that much wondering in half-an-hour.

THE MAN who is puffed, often finds his reputation go up in smoke.

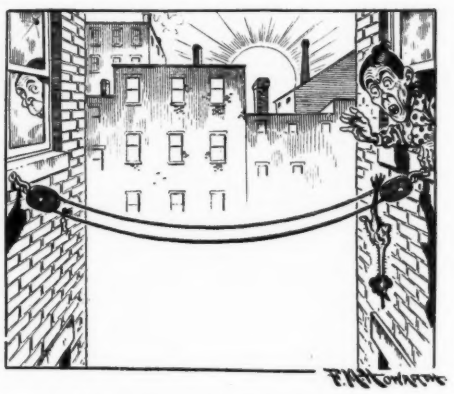
A SAD SHRINKAGE.



MRS. BRANNIGAN.—A moighty foine turk it is fer Dinnis to win at th' raffle. Oi 'll hang it out here and let it git gamey by th' T'anksgivin'.

MRS. DOOLEY (*opposite neighbor*).—An' this mockin' burd is all we hov, wid six in th' family!

MRS. DOOLEY.—An' Brannigan win thot at th' raffle, did he? Well, easy come, easy go, as th' sayin' is!



MRS. BRANNIGAN (*the next morning*).—Fer th' love av hivin! Who 'd have belaved that th' rain would shrink a turk so, over noight!

A RARER CURIOSITY.

MUSEUM PROPRIETOR. — But I see nothing curious about you.

APPLICANT. — I am a first-class cook who was actually discharged for impudence.

MUSEUM PROPRIETOR. — Good Heavens! Do you think I could engage the woman who discharged you? Money is no object!

IN THE CASE OF MISS WALFLOWER.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

HELEN WALFLOWER was thirty-six, and life had been a hunk of disappointments to her. She had never known the delights of having a beau to squander his substance on her in the shape of theatre tickets or ice cream.

She had never had a lover, tall and handsome, to draw her to him in the soft moonlight, and whisper his devotion into her all-too-willing ears. When she went to the theatre it was with her Pa; when she had ice cream she paid for it herself; and when she spoke to her lover it was in dreams; and she was but talking through her night-cap, as it were.

A TRUE PROPHET.

TURKEY. — Well, I declare! This thing will be the death of me!

At balls and parties, young men who took her out did it with an air of self-sacrifice that subtracted all pleasure from the circumstance. Her father looked upon her as a burden he was always to bear, and her mother looked upon her as an unfortunate more to be pitied than laughed at. If she was invited to any social entertainment, from a straw-ride to a donkey-party, she was regarded, even by those of her own age, as a chaperon, and as nothing more. And she was expected to look, act and talk, as if she knew and appreciated the favor of being invited at all.

Bread-and-butter school misses laughed at her as an old maid, and callow youths shuddered at sight of her at leap-year parties.

Such were the circumstances up to date, when Helen Walflower took a gigantic tumble. She lived in Brooklyn, but Helen Walflower was nobody's fool. A great thought came to her.

The next thing her friends knew she had forsworn all frivolity, and was a teacher in a Chinese Sunday-school. Then a rumor flew around, and fattened as it fled.

The rumor was that Helen Walflower was to marry Wah Sing, her Sunday-school class!

The friends who had condescended to notice her, came now and tried to dissuade her from her course. The callow youths aforesaid gazed upon her with awe and admiration. Her sayings and doings were quoted far and near, and her portrait appeared in the daily papers. Her father, to win her from her purpose fell and set, gave her half his fortune. And the catch of the year wooed and won her away from her Oriental lover; and, as her husband, now flatters himself on having secured a jewel for a wife.

She is settled now in life; but she is too wise a woman to let herself be forgotten. Her name heads the lists for Chinese Missions. Her pamphlet, "The Heathen in Our Midst," has run through four editions. Her husband adores her. All Brooklyn looks up to her as one to know; and an invitation to her Thursday Evenings makes each recipient proud.

This is the case of Helen Walflower that was. The Moral is that the difference between notoriety and fame is so slight in these degenerate, modern days, that few can distinguish between the one and the other.

Roy L. McCardell.

A DERIVATION.

"The French are a wise people," said Hicks. "They perceive a situation at once, and recognize it. They were the first to see that cooks ruled our homes; and for that reason they named them chefs, or chiefs."

HIS TRUE COLORS.

When he came to town to see the sights,
He was very green, 't is true;
But a bunco artist took him in hand,
And he went home very blue.

THE SILVER of speech often becomes pig-lead in the mouth of the ward-orator.

EXPERIENCE WOULD be a splendid commodity if it could only be sold out for what it cost.

A PERFECT SYMBOL for Thanksgiving Day
Would be a gobbler gray,
Standing in sphynx-like calm, majestical,
Upon a great foot-ball.

HE KNEW HIS BUSINESS.

KIND HEARTED MAIDEN *(fishing for a stray penny in her purse)*. — I suppose you poor blind people feel your misfortune keenly?

BLIND MENDICANT. — Yes, indeed. The Lord only knows how I miss the pleasure of being able to look into the beautiful faces of the handsome and lovely ladies who are kind enough to donate ——

KIND HEARTED MAIDEN *(fishing out a quarter)*. — Here, poor fellow, take this. I 'm sure you are deserving.

A DOCILE SUITOR.

PRIMUS.—Although you are a millionaire, my love is so great, sir, that it emboldens a poor man like myself to seek a daughter of yours in marriage.

SECUNDUS.—Which of the girls is it, young man?

PRIMUS.—Any one of the three, sir.

SURE SIGNS.

NOW ONCE again the Frankfurter
Is seething in the can,
And muffs auricular adorn
The guileless Jerseyman.

The weather, hot enough for you,
Now turns to chilling cold;
And blackened slate for anthracite
At seven plunks is sold.

Anon the first damp, heavy snow,
Will spread its soggy pall,
And urchins small with shovels large
At area-ways will call.

Along the street the swarthy son
Of Italy doth stand,
With Autumn's chestnuts like to these—
For Winter is at hand.

R. L. M.

AS FAR AS HE COULD GO.

FATHER MCNALLY *(with righteous indignation).*—Fer shame an ye, O'Bleary. Ye 're half dhrunk.

O'BLEARY *(apologetically).*—Oi know it yer worship; but it 's not my fault. Oi 've shpint all the money oi had.

DISCIPLINE.

"My dear," said Mrs. Dillingham to her husband, after their return from a social call, "I am very much afraid you are getting to be a chronic exaggerator."

"Well," snorted her husband, "I just defy you to point out any statement of mine which transcends the bounds of strict truth!"

"At the Fosdicks, awhile ago, the subject of the conversation turned upon doctors' bills and illness, and I took occasion to remark that I had not needed a physician's services except when the children were born and when I had typhoid fever."

"Yes, I heard you."

"Well, of course you had to top mine with a declaration that barring a mild case of measles when you were six or seven, you had never had any use for a physician at all."

"That 's what I said, Madam, and I 'll stick to it!"

"Yes; that 's the reason I 'm afraid you are developing into a chronic exaggerator."

"Well, I 'd just like you to tell me when I was sick!"

"Benjamin Franklin Dillingham, has it escaped your memory that our wedding had to be postponed, after the day was set, and I had all my things ready, because you had an attack of brain fever which kept you laid up for five weeks?"

"W-why, yes; I had overlooked that."

"Mr. Dillingham, is it possible you have forgotten how you broke your leg while skating, the first Winter after we were married, and that it was quite Spring before you got out again?"

"You don't call that an illness, do you?"

"Did you set your own leg, or did a surgeon do it for you?"

"Now don't go asking foolish questions. That 's just like a woman."

"Oh! it is, is it? Perhaps you forget, too, that attack of dyspepsia, just after Frank was born, which nearly killed you, and the nervous prostration that gave Dr. Kallowmell a steady income for three months?"

Dillingham was silent.

"Then, of course, you don't remember that case of grip which kept you in a month only two years ago, and which nearly carried you off entirely. After you got over that, you had—"

Dillingham held up his hands.

"Hold! That 's enough! I surrender!"

"Now, my dear, I might have contradicted you before the company when you boasted about your extraordinary immunity from disease, but I desisted. Many wives would have done so, but I had too much respect for my husband to do it."

"You are real kind."

"Yes, love. Oh! by the way, I need a new dress and a bonnet very badly. I think I can make forty dollars do this time."

"All right, dear. You shall have it. I 'll give you a check for the amount before I leave for the store in the morning."

He was true to his promise.

William H. Siviter.

AN UNSATISFACTORY REJOINDER.

BLANCHE.—You don't go out much in society, do you?

MAUD.—I find my own society more congenial.

BLANCHE.—How few there are like you!

THE MAN who causes two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before, may live to be told to keep off the grass.

MANY A man could get a good view of himself as others see him by looking into a mirror through the large end of a pair of opera glasses.

SOME MEN don't care to read history, because the news is so awfully out of date.

IT IS fortunate that "Truth, crushed to earth, will rise again;" but it is a pity that she should be compelled to spend so much of her time at it.

WISE IN HIS DAY.

FIRST RAG-MAN. — No use a-goin' through that part o' town.

SECOND RAG-MAN. — Why not?

FIRST RAG-MAN. — 'Cause most o' the people there belongs to Preacher Givem's church, which has just made a donation to th' orphan asylum.

A COMPLETED STANZA.

"IT IS the little rift within the lute,
That by-and-by will make the music mute,
And, ever widening, slowly silence all"—

* * *

With one exception, viz.: "After the Ball."

A SUCCESS.

"Champion welterweight? What 's your record?"

"Well, I 've caused the militia to be called out in no less than seventeen states."

MODERN JOURNALISM.

CABLE EDITOR.—There has been another Anarchistic outbreak in Barcelona.

MANAGING EDITOR. — Barcelona? H'm! that 's in Spain, ain't it? Make a scare-head of it, and run in that old cut of Baby McKee, with the caption "Alphonso, the Baby King of Spain."

"IT 'S AN ILL-WIND,—"

LARKIN. — Don't you think this Crank epidemic is dreadful?

BORROWE. — Quite the contrary, my boy. Just as soon as a dun shows up nowadays, I simply send for the police. Dreadful? It 's a blessing in disguise!

A RETIRING GENIUS.

Though song is Patti's peerless gift,
And has been hers so long,
She never will appear before
The footlights — for a song.

NOT WHAT HE DESIRED.

PATIENT. — Ah, doctor, I feel that I am at death's door!

DOCTOR *(enthusiastically)*.— Oh! don't fear. We 'll pull you through.

THEY HAVE BEEN DISCIPLINED.

WHEELER. — Almost all the Democrats of New York wear Boss Croker's collar.

HEELER.—Yes; and a large percentage of them are wearing "turn-down" collars.

A STICKLER FOR REALISM.

THEATRICAL MANAGER. — Did n't I hear you making some talk about there not being enough realism in this play, Mr. Walker?

LEADING MAN. — I did say something of the kind, sir.

"Huh! We already have real horses, real water, a real sausage-chopper, real snakes in the delirium scene and real turnips in the gorgeous banquet scene. What more do you want, anyhow?"

"Well, I should like a little real applause at each performance and real money on salary days."

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM CHUMP.

Harvard's crimson, Yale's bright blue,
Or Princeton's black-and-yellow;
Is boldly worn these foot-ball days
On the lapels of this fellow.
He talks of "college friendships,"
He bawls the college cries,
He lets his hair unkempt and long
Grow downward to his eyes.
But HIS *alma mater* 's a dry goods store,
Where his income 's six a week,—
Oh, a nuisance rank is this foot-ball crank
And *fin de siècle* freak!

R. L. M.

"OPEN ALL NIGHT."

ADVICE.

FAIR PUPIL. — Which of the operatic artists would you recommend to me as a model?

PROFESSOR.— Nilsson; —she 's retired.

FAMILIAR WITH AMERICA.

LITTLE MICKY.— Th' paper do be talkin' about immygrants bein' deported boi th' gover'ment. Phwat 's deported?

MRS. MICKY.— Given two votes inste'd of wan, may be.

"But it 's th' Choinese thot 's to be deported."

"Th' Choinese! Och! thin it manes cuttin' their heads off!"

THE GENERAL VERDICT.

COKE.— I see where young Johnson, arrested on suspicion, refused a lawyer and made an admirable defense. They tell me he did finely.

LITTLETON. — Yes; he acquitted himself very well, indeed!

VERBAL VALOR.

About the fistic braggart's brow
The laurels might be growing,
Were he as skilled to strike a blow
As he is skilled at blowing.

THE MANLY ART.

"Prize-fighter, is he? What class?"

"Baritone."

FIRST CITIZEN *(of Podunk)*.— Hev ye heerd how our Congressman tuk the floor?

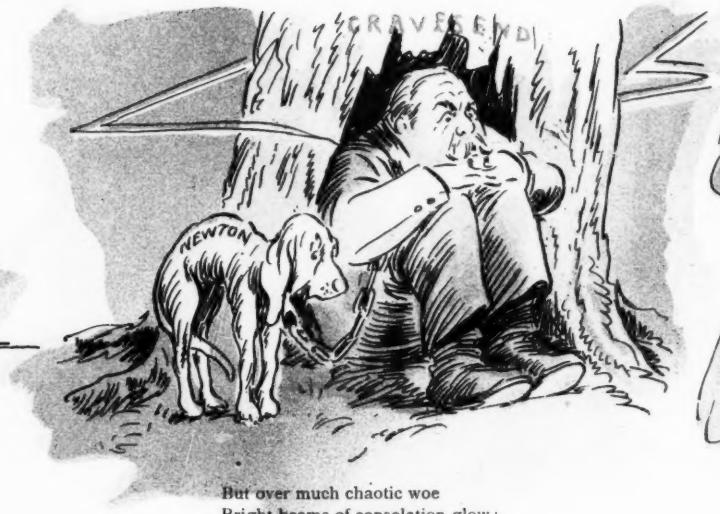
SECOND CITIZEN *(of Podunk)*. — B' gosh, I 've been afeerd on 't ever sence I was told how them city folks set silver dollars right in the stuns they walk on.

THIS IS an age of speed, alas!
And now the fellow who
Would skip across the highway has
To skip the trolley — too.

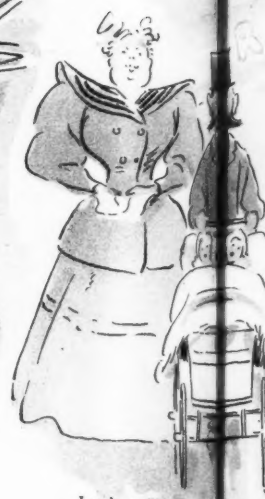
DIAMONDS ARE usually the gems of thought peculiar to woman.

DISTANCE DOES N'T lend enchantment to the view of pay-day.

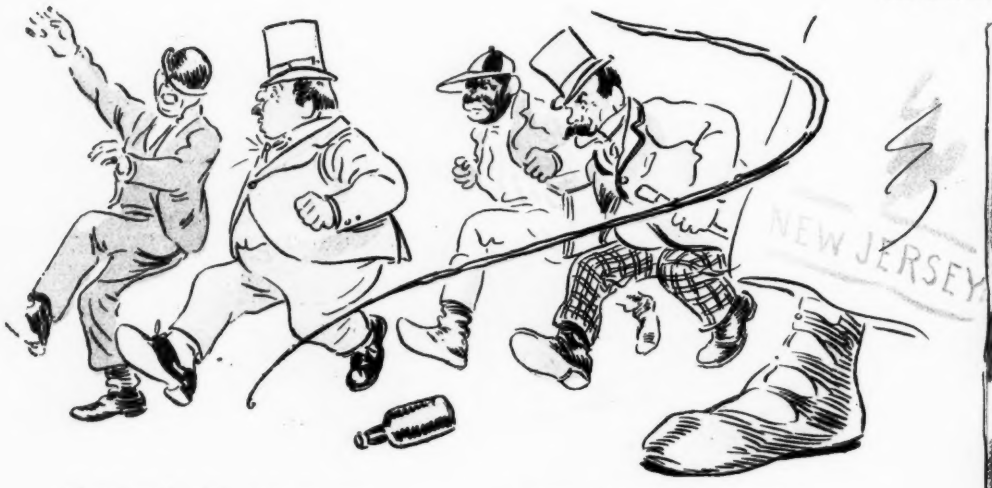
THIS YEAR the Turkey and the Crow
Will arm-in-arm together go,
And tears of unaffected grief
Will stain the cheek of many a Chief,
Who thought a little while before
He was the people — and some more.



But over much chaotic woe
Bright beams of consolation glow;
And causes for thanksgiving brim
Our horn of plenty to the rim.
Some folks are glad because they thrive,
And some are thankful they 're alive.



Look at the happy Br klynite
In paroxysms of delig ;
For him the promise o Reform
Shines like a rainbow ter stor
And under Schieren's agic ca



New Jersey 's taken means, we guess,
Her frank opinion to express
Of all the hoodlum race-track band
Who swooped down on her pleasant land,
Disgusting, brutal, drunk, obscene,
Humanity's most base and mean —
She drives the long procession out —
Jockey and trainer, tipster, tout.
Sweeps up her desecrated sward,
Cleans out her House, and thanks the Lord.

Ohio's soul with joy should crack,
She 's got her dear old idol back;
One year she turns McKinley down,
And the next year she gilds his crown;
And, just according as she feels,
She stands him on his head or heels,
And thankfulness should fill *his* cup —
For one term sure he 's right side up.

Oh, well, Thanksgiving 's all around,
Blessings and mercies do abound.
Landslides may come, but all the same
We 'll see the biggest foot-ball game
That for the space of several years
Has raised the boys' demoniac cheers.

And he y shall
That de ks the
And ma y and
Shall br the a
For one rave b
Who w rs a te

he happy Brooklynite
sms of delight;
he promise of Reform
e a rainbow after storm;
Schieren's magic care,

He sees his town transformed and fair,
And dreams of streets about him whirl,
With asphalt paved, and mother-of-pearl,
And over jasper pavements he
His baby carriage rolls with glee.

New York has found enough benzine
To keep her robe of ermine clean,
And for some well apportioned spanks
One humbled Boss should give his thanks,
And take him gratefully to bed
Cured of enlargement of the head.

And heavy shall the slugging be
That decks the path of victory.
And many and many a maiden fair
Shall breathe a fervent, hopeful prayer
For one brave boy contestant there
Who wears a ten-pound head of hair.

And Massachusetts, — well, up there
Thanksgiving 's always in the air.
The Boston man thanks Heaven when
He thinks he 's not as other men —
Safe were the bet to eat your hat
To find the day he 'll not think that.

We 've got the Fall chrysanthemum,
We 've got the turkey and the tum,
We 've got the Fall, cold, crisp and clear,
We 've got the PUCK of X-mas near.
We 've got — Good Lord! My Sakes! Great
Scott!
What *is* it Americans have n't got?

PUCK.

J. Ottmann Lith. Co. Puck Building N.Y.

MY SCHOOLMA'AM.

HER FACE was dimpled, round and fair,
Her eyes were brown and mild,
And, when I saw her teaching there,
I longed to be a child.
But, when a youngster failed to mind
And thoroughly was spanked,
That youthful days were far behind
My lucky stars I thanked.

She set me in a lofty place,
And handed me a book,
Behind whose pages at her face
I ventured oft to look.
And, as her pupils spelled or read,
I took a passing part,
Permitting them to leave off head
The while I left off heart.

Now, I 'm a candidate, I feel
A curious elation,
A wondering 'twixt woe and weal
O'er my examination.
On passing it my heart is set,
And hardly can I wait
Till she and I together get
A joint certificate.

R. L. Hendrick.

ONE OF the things that the world is now suffering from is an over-production of an inferior grade of history.

TRUTH *VS.* FASHION.

MRS. DE SWELL *(peering from her carriage).*— Oh! I see Mrs. De Stickler up at her window. *(to coachman.)* James, stop the carriage. I wish to see if Mrs. De Stickler is at home.

A POOR SEASON.

CIGAR DEALER.— Must have been a mighty poor season at the Summer resorts this year.

CUSTOMER.— Should n't wonder.

CIGAR DEALER.— Yes; I just sold the proprietor of a Summer hotel a twenty-five-cent cigar, and he counted the change.

THE INCARNATION OF SWEETNESS.

Her face is sweet, and sweet her lips,
And sweet her eyes of blue;
And he fetches her bonbons every night,
For she has a sweet tooth, too.

OPINIONS DIFFER: the turkey who struts with trailing wings and lordly air across the barnyard these chill November days, is no doubt perfectly satisfied with his apparel; but many persons think he is better dressed when he appears at the Thanksgiving dinner.

AS HE SEES IT.

RUMSEY.— Say, Kiddy, goin' ter take in der foot-ball game?

KIDDY MCNABB *(the 180 pound champion).*— Wotcher take me fer? I 'd like to see meself give up good money to see a brutal exhibition like dat!

THANKSGIVING.

Now comes the merry turkey-time,
The hall room boarder 's gay;
For once, at least, he 'll have a feast—
Oh, glad Thanksgiving Day!

R. L. M.

TOO MUCH REALISM.

MR. FLIES.— Why, how 's this, Boards, my boy— you 've left that new company? What 's the trouble?

MR. BOARDS.— Well, I did n't mind falling forty feet in a real elevator, in the warehouse scene, nor being run over by a real mowing-machine in the farm scene; but when the manager wanted them to put real tar and feathers on me, in the White-Cap scene, I sent in my resignation!

HOW WE SPENT THANKSGIVING.

Jim and I spent Thanksgiving Day
In a rather curious sort of way —
Gunning for ducks on Chesapeake Bay.

And this was the way that it came about:
We meant to get home, when we started out,
If not in time for breakfast, soon
After the sun should show high noon.
But all of a sudden a howling squall
Came up, as they will at the end of the Fall,
And drove our sneak-box scooting away,
Some twenty miles down Chesapeake Bay.

Wet? I bet you, and tired and sore,
We thanked our stars when that storm was o'er;
And we rubbed our weary and stiffened limbs —
I rubbed mine and Jim rubbed Jim's —
And we looked at the sky, and Jim observed:
"It 's just about time that dinner was served."

"Dinner!" says I; "why, here 's what we 've got,
It is neither nutritious nor rich nor hot;"
And I showed our jug of water to Jim,
But it did n't seem to discourage him.

"Is that all?" said he, "that you 've laid away
For this chilly, dreary sort of day?
But," says he, as he reached down under his seat,
"It will help us to have something good to eat."

A round, white china jar he produced,
From which the cork was speedily loosed,
And then he headed the boat for shore,
And in some twenty-five minutes more,
With water boiled o'er a brush-wood fire,
We had made the best soup that heart could desire;
And back in the boat we drank it down,
Rich and odorous, clear dark brown,
And blessed the cause of our stomachs' relief —
LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF BEEF.

So that is the rich and yet wholesome way
That Jim and I dined on Thanksgiving Day
Away down in the reeds of Chesapeake Bay.
And as the concoction dried up our limbs,
Jim drank my health and I drank Jim's.

To-day we are building the *best* Piano which modern ingenuity can construct; next year's SOHMER may be better; we hope so; but the SOHMER of *to-day* is the ideal instrument of *to-day;* it is the **BEST.**

139—155 E. 14th St., New York.
367 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.
1108 Olive Street, St. Louis.
308—314 Post Street, San Francisco.

SOHMER

SIGN LANGUAGE.

"She 's rich, but a deaf mute. Dodson proposed in writing."

"Did she indicate her refusal in the same way?"

"No. Her father kicked him, and she applauded."

THE ONLY REASON.

TOM.—I proposed fast enough, but she would n't have me.

JACK.—Did she give you any reason?

TOM.—Nope; except that she did n't care for me.

THE WILES OF MAN.

ETHEL.—How did you and Jack come to get engaged?

MABEL.—Well, you see, we had eaten philopena; and when he asked me for my hand, I gave it to him, just to win the present.

Why the Letter that She Looked For Never Came

I.

"All right, Mum, I 'll hurry."—

Continued on next page.

ONE REASON.

SHE.—Why do you regard her as a goddess?

HE.—Because man proposes, and she disposes.

NOT TO HIS TASTE.

"Close call Chappie had at the Zoölogical. He was right by the lion's cage when the beast broke out."

"And why did n't it chew him up?"

"Luckily, the lion eappened to be a man-eater."

THE INITIAL STEP.

MRS. BARNES.—Did you say you was lookin' fer work?

WILLY REST.—Yes, Mum; but, being a detective, I 'm only arter clues this trip.

A SHEET ANCHOR—Tucking it in at the Foot.

Easily Taken Up

Cod Liver Oil as it appears in Scott's Emulsion is easily taken up by the system. In no other form can so much fat-food be assimilated without injury to the organs of digestion.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites has come to be an article of every day use, a prompt and infallible cure for Colds, Coughs, Throat troubles, and a positive builder of flesh.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

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21 Million.

The consumption of WILLIAMS' Shaving Stick in 1891 was sufficient for over 21,000,000 shaves.

No shaving stick equals it. By reason of its wonderful richness, cool, healing qualities, it is now being used by nearly all who prefer soap in *stick* form.

Have you tried WILLIAMS'?

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhœa. 25 cents a bottle.

Cook's Extra Dry Imperial Champagne has no superior.
A large yearly increase in its sales says so.
Highest Award, Diploma and Medal, Columbian Exposition.

Marry Your Trousers

to the TRADE **CHESTER** MARK.

and they will be comfortably supported as long as they live.

THE "CHESTER" is a suspender with an idea, viz:—enough stretch, all in the right place, and in enduring form. Our graduated elastic cord ends make it the most comfortable and serviceable suspender in the world; moreover, neat, light, and elegant. Sample pair mailed for 50 cents. The "Workers," made on same plan, 25 cents. We also make the well-known "Century." Ask for "Chester" suspenders. See the graduated elastic cord.

CHESTER SUSPENDER CO., No. 4 DECATUR AVE., ROXBURY, MASS.

WE HAVE

the most comprehensive stock of Fall and Winter Woollens ever shown under one roof. We Have the best equipped Tailor Shops in the City. We Have a thorough knowledge of all the In's and Out's of Tailoring—our experience of over quarter century has taught us that your Order is safe in our hands.

Call and leave It.

Samples mailed to non-residents.

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For Gentlemen, Ladies, Youths; athlete or invalid. Complete gymnasium; takes 6in. floor room; new, scientific, durable, cheap. Indorsed by 100,000 physicians, lawyers, clergymen, editors and others now using it. Illustrated Circular, 40 engravings, free. CHAS. JORDAN, Chicago Agent, 269 Dearborn St. Scientific Physical and Vocal Culture, 9 E. 14th St., New York. 936*

A WOMAN'S PRAISE.

"How does my hat look?"

"Beautiful! It makes you look twenty-five years younger!"

You leave New York at 3 P. M., arrive at Chicago next morning at 10; returning, leave Chicago at 2 P. M., arrive in New York next morning at 11:15; this gives you a business day in Chicago, and returns you the third day in time for business in New York, *practically making the trip in two nights.* This can only be done by the Exposition Flyer of the New York Central — fastest long-distance train in the world — another justification for the title, "America's Greatest Railroad."

The Exposition Flyer is full every day; to get good accommodations you must secure them several days in advance.

THE INTER-STATE CASUALTY COMPANY
CAPITAL AND ASSETS $225,000.
NEW FEATURES. TONTINE POLICIES.
ACCIDENT INSURANCE
AGAINST TOTAL DISABILITY, PARTIAL DISABILITY OR DEATH AT HOME OR ABROAD.
WOMEN INSURED. AGENTS WANTED.
DAILY, MONTHLY, YEARLY
62 & 64 WILLIAM ST. NEW YORK

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Parisian Perfumes.

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HELENIA,
HELIOPHAR.

SAMPLE VIAL BY MAIL, 15 CENTS.

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AND TRANSPARENT

GLYCERINE SOAPS.

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NO DRUGS TO CHEW.

NO STEMS TO SMOKE

THE ARMSTRONG Gentlemen's Garter.

The easiest and best garter ever worn. Always clean, always the same tension. Ask your dealer for them, or send to

The Armstrong Mfg. Co.,
Bridgeport, Conn.
New York Office,
242 Canal Street.
PRICE, 25 Cents.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

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DIAMONDS and WATCHES
A SPECIALTY.

IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS.

Watches, Diamonds, Chains,
Rich Jewelry and Silverware.

"THE BENEDICT"

Is our patent Sleeve and Collar Button, strong, durable and easy to adjust. In Gold and Silver.

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Keepers of the City Time, BENEDICT B'LDG.
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ESTABLISHED 1821. 951

A BETTER COCKTAIL AT HOME THAN IS SERVED OVER ANY BAR IN THE WORLD.

The Club Cocktails

MANHATTAN,
MARTINI,
WHISKY,
HOLLAND GIN,
TOM GIN and
VERMOUTH.

We guarantee these Cocktails to be made of absolutely pure and well matured liquors, and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world; being compounded in accurate proportions, they will always be found of uniform quality, and, blending thoroughly, are superior to those mixed as wanted.

We prefer you should buy of your dealer. If he does not keep them we will send a selection of four bottles, prepaid, for $6.00.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors,
39 Broadway, N. Y., Hartford, Conn., and
20 Piccadilly, W. London, Eng.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers.

SOLICITUDE.

I 've just been telling Bagley a comical story about my little boy."

"What 's the matter? Could n't he get away in time?"

CALLING CARDS — Two Small Pair.

"SHE used to be a nice girl," sighed Jenkins; "but since she wears crinoline she is barely passable."

BED-RIDDEN — The Berth in a Pullman.

THE man who works himself to death finds that his money is only a "funeral pile."

SMALL CHANGE — From Bad to Worse.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE — Lot's Wife.

Why the Letter that She Looked For Never Came

II.

—"Hello! W'at 's dat? T'ree hundred dollars in prizes! I 'll try me luck." —

Continued on next page.

YOU never catch a lawyer taking the will for the deed. That would settle his professional reputation forever.

CIVILIZATION is a refining thing. When a young man acts like a white-livered scoundrel, we describe him as "already knowing something of the world."

THE desire of a "love of a bonnet" may bring out strong manifestations of a love for a husband.

IT is hard to appreciate present mercies. A kitten unable to get out of a bath-tub does not stop to give thanks that the water is not turned on.

THE REFUGE OF HEROES.

The hero sang in a dulcet strain,
His voice made melody sweet and strong;
The heroine bade him sing again,
And gave him smiles to reward his song.

His rival heard, and he hatched a plot,
The hero he lured on a lonely walk,
In his thin-soled shoes through a swampy spot,
Till the hero grew hoarse and could hardly talk.

"Ah! Ha!" quoth the villain, "Go sing! Go sing!
The whole of your voice has become a wheeze;
A cough and a choke to your syllables cling,
You start with a gasp and you end with a sneeze."

The hero replied, with a scornful smile,
"Your treachery fails with a man like me;
I simply destroy all your work of guile
With a little of Whitman's Jujube."

Forth from his pocket a box he drew
Of lozenges simply delightful to eat;
Popped in his mouth just a lozenge or two,
And his voice became again strong and sweet.

Whitman's Jujube for Singers and Public Speakers. Sold everywhere. Mailed on receipt of 25 cents. Address Stephen F. Whitman & Son, 1316 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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LA RILLA,
AN EXQUISITE CORDIAL
• • • OF CALISAYA.

Calisaya is now so widely known that it is only necessary to say of

Calisaya
La Rilla

that it is by far the most effective and palatable preparation of the bark ever offered.

Druggists have it.

ASKING TOO MUCH.

MRS. JOHNSON *(indignantly)*.—Now, you Joe Jefferson Johnson, you come right down dis minute!

"THE DAMNED THING"

By AMBROSE BIERCE.

A marvelous tale in Christmas Number of

TOWN TOPICS.

(A great double Number. Out December 7th.)

Give your Newsdealer an order for it at once, or send price, 25 cents in postage stamps, or $1.00 for a 3 months' trial subscription, including this Christmas Number, to TOWN TOPICS, 21 West 23rd St., N. Y.

Have you read

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DETROIT, MICH.
No 9 TELEPHONE BDG.

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BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

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Over 300 pages of wit and humor!
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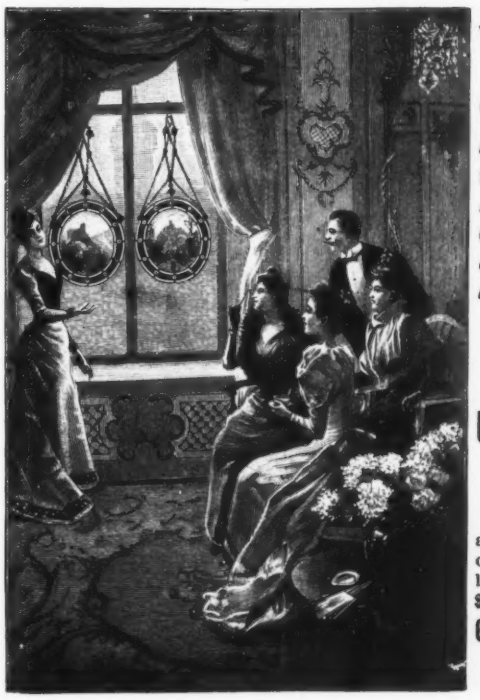

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Diaphanies,

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Unparalleled as Holiday AND Wedding Presents.

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Good morning

Have you used

PEARS' SOAP?

THORSEN & CASSADY CO., 141 & 143 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO.

KODAKS $6.00 to $75.

Photographers' Supplies

Guns, Bicycles, Sporting and Athletic Goods.

Send 6c in stamps for COMPLETE CATALOGUE.

Portable Parlor

HEATERS

—AND—

Marvelous

FUEL

SESTALIT

The only Fuel of its character in the Market. . . .

Send for Catalogue.

U. S. FUEL CO., Ltd.,

19 Park Place,

ESTABLISHED SINCE 1868. NEW YORK.

TOO MUCH.

Three clammy, plated forks went into the water-glass with a thud, and three gaunt mortals who had contemplated an assault on the tripe, sandwiches, pickles, and cheese, fled sorrowfully away.

Why?

A fourth man, a stranger, had referred to it as *free luncheon.*

Nervous headaches promptly cured by Bromo-Seltzer — Trial bottle 10c.

AT THE ZOO.

ELEPHANT *(severely).*—Look here. Humpy! When are you going to return that hay you borrowed from me last week?

DROMEDARY.—Don't get impatient, Bolivar; I intend to repay you just as soon as I get straightened out.

NATURE, it would seem, must be at fault when she furnishes a man with a jaw and teeth that enable him to bite off more than he can chew.

The use of Angostura Bitters excites the appetite and keeps the digestive organs in order. Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons, sole manufacturers. At all druggists.

BEST CALIFORNIA CHAMPAGNE.

Made from 2 to 3 years old SONOMA VALLEY WINE,

America's Best Product.

Our cellars, extending from Warren to Chambers St., are the finest wine cellars in this city. They enable us to carry sufficient stock to properly age the wine before drawing it off into bottles. The best proof of its superiority lies in the fact that we are patronized by the most prominent hospitals of New York, Brooklyn, and all parts of the country.

A. WERNER & Co., 52 Warren St., New York.

I have submitted A. Werner & Co.'s Extra Dry to a chemical analysis, and find it free from any impurities whatever. I therefore cordially recommend it as a pure and healthy American wine.

A. OGDEN DOREMUS, M.D., LL.D.,
Professor of Chemistry and Physics,
College City of New York.

Why the Letter that She Looked For Never Came

III.

—"Oney one more ter git in!"—

(Continued on next page.)

BOKER'S BITTERS

A Specific against Dyspepsia, and an Appetizer.

BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM.

THE PERFECTION OF CHEWING GUM.

A DELICIOUS

REMEDY

FOR ALL FORMS OF

INDIGESTION

Each tablet contains one grain pure pepsin, sufficient to digest 1,000 grains of food. If it can not be obtained from dealers, send five cents in stamps for sample package to

BEEMAN CHEMICAL CO., 27 Lake Street, Cleveland, O.

CAUTION.—See that the name BEEMAN is on each wrapper.

ORIGINATORS OF PEPSIN CHEWING GUM.

"Many diseases arise from one cause —blood impurity.

Beecham's Pills

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

(Tasteless)

Purify the blood and, thus, go to the root of many maladies."

25 cents a box.

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FACTORIES TROY, N.Y.

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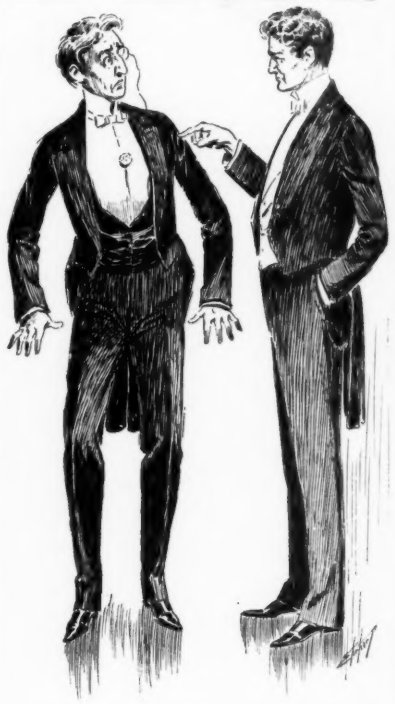
CHARLES LE BIHAN & Co.



FIRST APPEARANCE OF CHOLLY LAKEFRONT'S NEW BOSOM PIN.

LENOX HILL *(with deep sympathy).*—You know, you can have that removed.

All ladies drinking Marie Brizard & Roger Creme de Menthe are assured of a fine, delicate complexion. For sale everywhere.

T. W. Stemmler, Union Square, New York.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"**Castoria** is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach."

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Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

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EDWIN F. PARDEE, M. D., 125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

BLEECKER.—What are you wearing that "sweater" for? you don't own a bicycle.

JOROLEMON.—N-o; but I own a baby-carriage.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH WINS.

THE

FAMOUS ST. LOUIS BREWERY

AWARDED THE PRIZE AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Special Dispatch to the *Globe-Democrat.*

WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO, ILL., October 26.

No award has ever been made so gratifying to St. Louis people and so justly merited as the one given to-day by the Columbian jury of the World's Fair, consisting of connoisseurs and chemists of the highest rank, to the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association. By methods of unrivalled business enterprise, and by using the best material produced in America and Europe, excluding corn and other adulterants or surrogates, the different kinds of the Anheuser-Busch beer have become the favorites with the American people, and have now conquered the highest award in every particular, which had to be considered by the Columbian jury. The high character of the award given to-day by the jurors will be better understood when it is known that the different beers exhibited by the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association had to compete with hundreds of the most excellent displays of other brewers. The fact that no other concern has received so many points for the various essential qualities of good beer confirms anew the firm's reputation as the leader of all American beers.

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Silk and Wool Fabrics
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FANCY ARMURE, COTELINE, AND BARRÉ
Effects designed especially for combinations with VELVET or SATIN TRIMMINGS.
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PAPER WAREHOUSE.
Nos. 31, 33, 35 & 37 East Houston St., Branch, N. E. cor. William & Spruce Sts., } NEW YORK.

ADV.

WOODBY MILTON.—Where are you going to print my poem?

EDITOR.—The best place in the paper—top of column, next to reading matter.

"AND are these safety-matches *perfectly* safe?"

"Yes, Mum. They 're Swedish, and won't light on anything but their own name."

URBANITY is valued all over the world; but the suburbanity of one's inquisitive country neighbors is a confounded nuisance.

A MAN may be in the swim, and yet find it hard work to keep his head above water.

Why the Letter that She Looked For Never Came

IV.

(Concluded.)

?

LAUNDRY NOTE—The fluting of an amateur musician is the best thing discovered for ruffling one's temper.

COAL OIL, according to the suburbanite who tends his own furnace, is mostly elbow grease.

THE man who gets "stuck on himself" sometimes finds that the gum dissolves when he gets in hot water.

STRANGE to say, the furniture that is often in the van does n't look brave very long.

HEAD RESTS—Vacations.

KODAKS

Success in Picture taking depends most of all upon the lens. A defective lens will spoil the picture every time.

Kodaks have the Best Lenses. That's one reason why they are such successful picture takers.

TRANSPARENT FILM.

NOTICE: Every package of film is now dated and customers can thus make sure of getting fresh film when purchasing.

Careful tests show that our new film retains its sensitiveness as well as glass plates.

Our film does not tear or frill.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.,
Send for Catalogue. Rochester, N. Y.

SHREWD Cyclers always post themselves before purchasing wheels. We ask you to become posted about the **IMPERIAL WHEELS.** Our Catalogue will help you. Send for it. See our Exhibit, Transportation Building, at World's Fair.

AMES & FROST CO., Chicago, Ill.

WHAT IS MORE
Attractive than a pretty face with a fresh, bright complexion? For it use Pozzoni's Powder.

20th Edition, postpaid for 25c. (or stamps).
THE HUMAN HAIR,
Why it Falls Off, Turns Grey, and the Remedy, By Prof. HARLEY PARKER, F. R. A. S.
D. K. LONG & Co., 1013 Arch St., Philada., Pa.
"Every one should read this little book."—*Athenæum.*

FREE A fine 14k gold plated watch to every reader of this paper. Cut this out and send it to us with your full name and address, and we will send you one of these elegant, richly jeweled, gold finished watches by express for examination, and if you think it is equal in appearance to any $25.00 gold watch pay our sample price, $3.50, and it is yours. We send with the watch our guarantee that you can return it at any time within one year if not satisfactory, and if you sell or cause the sale of six we will give you one Free. Write at once, as we shall send out samples for 60 days only. Address
THE NATIONAL M'F'G & IMPORTING CO.,
334 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

The attention of our readers is drawn to the humorous series illustrating how the famous "Ferris Wheel" Puzzle caused dismay in the hearts of a youth and eke a little maid. The Ferris Wheel Puzzle, which is manufactured by the Columbia Mf'g Co., 1112 S. Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md., is for sale everywhere. Price 25c.

THE VERDICT.

POET.—Here is a poem I have just indited.
EDITOR *(reading)*.—Guilty!

Out Monday, Dec. 4th. **Out Monday, Dec. 4th.**

Out Monday, Dec. 4th. **Out Monday, Dec. 4th.**

Now are the Winter days of our discontent made glorious Summer by the continual call for PICKINGS FROM PUCK. In fact, our discontent has no more Winter—no Winter, no frozen ears, no slippery walks. It has nothing but Summer—Summer with its moonlight, its babbling brooks, its waving corn-fields, its shady lovers' walk, its balmy bowers of dreamy solitude, where a poet may sit down on a fallen tree, and silently revile trades-people, and marvel upon the surest method of raising a pair of shoes for the Winter.

What throws our discontent into this picturesque attitude? Is it because Queen Liliuokalani, in a *very* tender note, has offered us the premiership of her Kingdom? Is it because Ward McAllister called yesterday and showed us how the cook at Windsor Castle makes his buckwheat cakes rise with the aid of a siphon of seltzer water? Is it because President Cleveland sent us a fine basket of fish caught by him at Buzzard's Bay last Summer?

No; it is none of these reasons. It is simply because PICKINGS FROM PUCK is out fishing all over the country. PICKINGS FROM PUCK is recognized by the conductors of every railroad in the country, and does n't have to exhibit a ticket to go over the road.

Price twenty-five cents, of all newsdealers. By mail to any part of the United States, Mexico and Canada, on receipt of price.

Address: PUCK, N. Y.

THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR THE YOUNG ONES.

50c. PUCK'S PAINTING-BOOK 50c.

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A LATIN JAG.

MRS. DEVINE.—John! What have you been drinking?

"DEVINE.—*(Hic!)* Hock, m' dear!

THE LION OR THE EAGLE.

"I hear Miss Van Waldorf is to marry a nobleman."

"Is it one of England's or Nature's?"

Lost Time

is money lost. Time saved is money saved. Time and money can be saved by using the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk in your recipes for Custards, Puddings and Sauces. Try it and you will be surprised at the excellent results.

FREE! This Hunting Case, Elgin Style, Gold Filled Watch, worth $25.00 (20-year guarantee accompanies watch) and a Silver Set, in Satin Lined Case, containing 6 Knives and 6 Forks, Sterling Silver. Triple Plated, worth $5.00. Free! Read! Read! We wish to send you 50 5-cent and 50 10-cent best quality CIGARS. In order to extend our business, with this sample order we will send you, FREE, the Watch and Silver Set, as per cuts and description herein. The 100 Cigars, Watch and Silver Set will be sent C. O. D. for $8.80. You will be allowed examination of everything before paying one cent. We pay all express charges. Therefore order, as you have all to gain and nothing to lose. When ordering, write plainly your full name, nearest express and P. O. address. State if you desire Ladies' or Gents' Watch.

THE RIVERSIDE CIGAR COMPANY,
173 and 175 Greenwich Street, New York City.

SEND MONEY BY REGISTERED MAIL.

Exact Size. *Perfecto.*

HIGHEST AWARD at World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893. **JACOB STAHL, Jr. & CO.,** Makers, 168th st. and 3d ave., New York. Send $1.00 for sample box of 10 cigars.

A WINTER RESORT DIRECTORY
is printed in THE TOURIST, Utica, N. Y.
One dollar a year. 10 cents a copy.

MRS. SUBBUBS. — William, I 've just had to discharge the cook for being impertinent to Mama. You 'll have to bring another one with you from the city to night.

PROPRIETOR OF INTELLIGENCE OFFICE. — That girl in the corner is the only one that will go to the country; but I can't recommend her — she 's a terror!

MR. SUBBUBS. — I 'll take her!

MR. SUBBUBS'S MOTHER-IN-LAW *(to new girl)*. — Now, understand right from the start, that I 'll have no nonsense in this kitchen!

THE NEW GIRL. — Nayther will Oi!

MR. SUBBUBS'S MOTHER-IN-LAW. — I *had* intended to stay with you and William all Winter, but as that dreadful creature in the kitchen refuses to leave till her month is up, I am forced to go!

MR. SUBBUBS. — We shall not need you any longer, Delia — here is your month's wages, and a present of $15. You have given first-class satisfaction!

A DESPERATE REMEDY -- OR, MR. SUBBUBS'S COUP D'ÉTAT.